Chapter 281: The Overwhelming Clone

The cosmos trembled as a single clone of Sung Jin-Woo descended upon the Abyssal Plane. This plane, once thought to be unassailable, served as the stronghold of godly entities who had challenged him eons ago. These beings, now legends whispered across realms, had been vanquished by Sung Jin-Woo during his ascent to the Divine Triad. Yet, their remnants—fractured wills and residual forces—had clawed their way back into existence, reforming into an alliance of vengeance.

Their arrogance knew no bounds, for they believed that even the mighty Sung Jin-Woo could not match their combined resurgence. They prepared their armies, reforged their weapons, and summoned ancient constellations imbued with powers far beyond mortal comprehension. They called themselves the Abyssal Conclave, a force born to overthrow the Divine Triad.

But Sung Jin-Woo's response was as swift as it was unexpected.

He didn't come himself.

Instead, he sent a single clone.

The clone of Sung Jin-Woo materialized in the heart of the Abyssal Conclave's grand fortress—a realm built from shattered dimensions and powered by infinite energy cores. Despite being just 1.9 meters tall, his presence dwarfed everything around him. The clone bore none of the exaggerated size or grandeur of his original body, yet its sheer aura was suffocating.

The Abyssal Conclave's leaders, a council of celestial titans and ancient gods, recoiled as the shadow-cloaked figure stepped forward. One of them, Kael'tharion the Unyielding, snarled in disbelief.

"Is this Sung Jin-Woo's insult?" Kael'tharion bellowed, his voice reverberating across dimensions. "He dares send a fragment of himself against the might of the Conclave?"

The clone's eyes, blacker than the void, locked onto Kael'tharion. It didn't speak, for words were unnecessary. The silent message was clear: This is all that is required.

Another member of the council, Seraphina of the Celestial Flames, unleashed a torrent of fire hotter than the cores of dying stars. The flames consumed the skies, creating a barrier of destruction that engulfed the clone.

But the fire did nothing.

The clone stood untouched, its dark silhouette unmoving. Then, with a simple gesture—barely a flick of its wrist—the flames dissipated. The firestorm that could have destroyed galaxies evaporated as though it had never existed.

Realizing the gravity of their mistake, the Abyssal Conclave unleashed their full power. Beams of energy capable of obliterating universes converged on the clone. Weapons forged from the remains of cosmic deities rained down. The abyssal constellations themselves, living entities wielding the might of creation and destruction, descended to join the battle.

It was a display of unimaginable power, a spectacle that would have annihilated any lesser being.

Yet, for the clone, it was nothing more than a minor inconvenience.

With a deep breath, the clone unleashed the Breath of Death.

The abyssal constellations disintegrated instantly, their celestial forms collapsing into dust. The energy beams fizzled out, their momentum reversed by the sheer force of the clone's exhalation. Weapons of divine origin shattered mid-air, unable to withstand the overwhelming pressure.

The Breath of Death swept through the Abyssal Plane like a tidal wave, consuming everything in its path. Stars blinked out of existence. Realms crumbled into nonexistence. The once-grand fortress of the Abyssal Conclave dissolved, leaving only a barren void.

As the dust settled, the surviving members of the Conclave, now reduced to mere shadows of their former selves, stared in horror. They had spent centuries rebuilding their power, only to be utterly annihilated in mere moments by a fraction of Sung Jin-Woo's might.

Kael'tharion, his form barely holding together, dropped to his knees. "This… this is impossible. How…?"

The clone finally spoke, its voice cold and devoid of emotion. "Your arrogance blinds you. You dared to challenge the God of Shadows and Life, yet you cannot comprehend even a fraction of his power. This is your punishment."

With another breath, the clone extinguished what little remained of the Conclave's forces. The abyssal gods, their essence scattered across time and space, ceased to exist. Not even their souls were spared, for the clone's power erased them from the very fabric of reality.

In the Absolute Realm, the original Sung Jin-Woo observed the battle through the eyes of his clone. He remained seated on his colossal throne, his twelve wings folded neatly behind him. The Umbra Citadel, now enlarged to accommodate his towering form, echoed with the silent approval of his loyal subjects.

Ashborn, standing nearby, smirked. "You didn't even need to send a clone that powerful. A lesser fragment would have sufficed."

Sung Jin-Woo chuckled. “Perhaps. But I wanted to send a message.”

“And what message is that?” Sung Su-Ho asked, his dragon wings shimmering as he approached.

“That resistance is futile,” Sung Jin-Woo replied. “The Abyssal Conclave and others like them must understand that their defiance only leads to their end. My power extends beyond my original form. Even my smallest fragment carries the weight of my will.”

The aftermath of the battle rippled across the multiverse. The destruction of the Abyssal Plane and its inhabitants served as a stark warning to all who might consider opposing the Divine Triad. Stories of Sung Jin-Woo’s clone, a mere fraction of his power, became legends whispered in fear and reverence.

In realms untouched by the battle, mortals and immortals alike bowed their heads in worship. Temples dedicated to Sung Jin-Woo sprang up across countless worlds, their priests spreading tales of his unmatched might.

Yet, despite his overwhelming power, Sung Jin-Woo remained vigilant. He knew that challenges would continue to arise, for the multiverse was vast, and ambition was an enduring force.

But he was unshaken.

For he was the God of Shadows and Life, the God of Creation and Abundance. And even the smallest fraction of his power was enough to reshape existence itself.

As the clone returned to the Absolute Realm, it knelt before its original. Sung Jin-Woo extended a hand, and the clone dissolved into a shadowy mist, rejoining his essence.

“Another enemy dealt with,” Sung Jin-Woo murmured. “Let them come. I will always be ready.”

The Divine Triad stood united, their power unmatched, their dominion absolute. And in the vast expanse of the multiverse, none dared to challenge their reign again.